

Behold, within that shady thick,
 Where my PARTHENOPHE doth
 walk, Her beauty makes trees
 moving quick^ Which, of her
 grace, in murmur talk!

The Poplar trees shed tears;
 The blossomed Hawthorn, white
 as chalk; And Aspen trembling on
 his stalk;
 The tree which sweet frankincense
 bQars;

The barren Hebene coaly black;
 Green Ivy, with his strange
 embraces;
 Daphne, which scorns JOVE'S
 thundercrack;
 Sweet Cypress, set in sundry
 places; And singing Atis
 tells
 Unto the rest, my Mistress's graces !
 From them, the wind, her glory
 chases* Throughout the West;
 where it excels*

ODE JQ.



HY doth heaven bear a sun To give the
 world a heat ? Why, there, have stars a
 seat ? On earth, when all is done !
 PARTHENOPHE'S bright sun
 Doth give a greater heat!

And in her heaven there be Such fair
 bright blazing stars; Which still make
 open wars
 With those in heaven's degree.
 •These stars far brighter be
 Than brightest of heaven's stars!